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1506/596.

BELL's EDITION.



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Shakespeare (William) [Danks]

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
OF
WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

Printed Complete from the best Editions of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the First.

CONTAINING

WINTER'S TALE.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.



If the
paper
of you
YOUR R
taking
in your
W. Sh
worth
my
Wish
Lon

His Royal Highness **GEORGE** Prince of **WALES**.

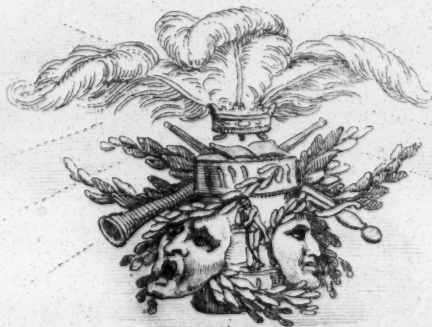


If this Edition of the immortal Shakspeare possesses any merit in preference to its predecessors, it may be attributed to the influence of your illustrious patronage, on its first being offer'd to the world. YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS was graciously pleas'd to countenance the undertaking, & it thence became more eminently my duty, & my zeal to spare neither care nor expence in the execution of the work. — If I have fortunately succeeded so far, as to render it in any degree worthy Your Royal attention, & approbation, I shall think myself happy being

Sir YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most dutiful & devoted Servant, John Bell.

British Library
London.







Act 4.th THE WINTER'S TALE. Scene 3^d



Ramberg del.

Woodman Sculp.

M^r EDWIN in AUTOLICUS.

*Prosper you, Sweet Sir! — your
Purse is not hot enough to purchase
your Spice.*

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand July 19. 1806.

ne 32

a Saup



WINTER'S TALE.

*You perceive, the Stars
Start not,*

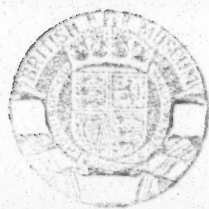
del.

sculp.

Woodbury del.

Woodman Saup

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, July 19. 1806.



W

S.

Book

Bell's Edition.

THE WINTER's TALE,

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXX IX.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF

THE WINTER'S TALE.

THIS play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. **WARBURTON.**

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasaunt History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene.

JOHNSON.

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio of 1623.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. **JOHNSON.**

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
CLEQMENES,
DION, }
Another Sicilian Lord.
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepberd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepberd.
AUTOLICUS, *a Rogue.*
TIME, *as Chorus.*



W O M E N.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus,*
EMILIA, *a Lady.*
Two other Ladies.
MOPSA, } *Shepberdesses.*
DORCAS, }
Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepberdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia ; sometimes in Bohemia.



THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Anti-Chamber in LEONTES's Palace. Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves : for, indeed——

Cam. 'Beseech you—— 10

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you
B sleepy

sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bolhemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent ; shoo'd hands, as over a Vast ; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !——

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either miracle, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius : it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came in to my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : It is a gallant child : one that, indeed, physic the subject, makes old hearts fresh : they, that were on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?



Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room of State. Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again 50

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one, we thank you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while ;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,

Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow 61
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,

"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Cam. B.ij Pol.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then ; and
that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves ; none, none i' th'
world,

So soon as your's, could win me : so it shoul
now,

Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You
sir,

Charge him too coldy : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay ;

We'll

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To POLIXENES.]

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting : yet (good deed), Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

100

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,
Tho' you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, " Sir, no going. *Verily*,

" You shall not go ;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet ?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees, 110
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :

To be your prisoner, should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks, and your's, when you were boys
You were pretty lordings then ?

12

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the
sun,

And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing ; no, nor dream'd,
That any did : Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

13

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us : for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

14

Her. Grace to boot !——

Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on ;——
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us .
You did continue fault, and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo

Leo. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not :

Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leo. Never but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me ; cram us with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying tongue-
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. 160

Our praises are our wages : You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay ;

What was my first ? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !

But once before I speak to the purpose : When ?

Nay, let me have't ; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death, 170

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clepe thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,

" I am your's for ever !"

Her. It is *grace*, indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice :

The

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot :—

[Aside

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances : 18

But not for joy—not joy.—This entertainment

May a free face put on ; derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well become the agent : it may, I grant ;

But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,

As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,

As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o' the deer ; oh, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,

Art thou my boy ? 19

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks !

Why, that's my bawcock. What ? hast smutch'd the
nose ?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,

We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling

[Observing POLIXENES, and HERMION:]

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf !

Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. 20

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoot
that I have,

To be full like me.—Yet, they say, we are

Almos

Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false,
[Aside] As o'er dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—can thy dam?—may't
be?—

210

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held;
Communicat'st with dreams—(How can this be?)
With what's unreal; Thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost
(And that beyond commission, and I find it),
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

220

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought, I did recoil

230

Twenty-

Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornament oft does, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This quash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will !—why, happy man be his dole !—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire 259
 Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord.
 And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
 How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome :
 Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,
 We are your's i'the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be
 found,

Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now, 260
Though you perceive me not how I give line;

[*Aside, observing* HERMIONE.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt* POLIX. HER. and Attendants. *Manent*

LEO. MAM. and CAM.

To her allowing husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears—a
fork'd one.—

Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There
have been, 270

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

250 That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence;

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

one, Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

elcome: Whiles other men have gates: and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is
none: 280

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

Be No

No barricado for a belly. Know it,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage ; many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What ? Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius:—Thou'rt an honest man. Of

[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold ; Let
When you cast out, it still came home. Wi

Leo. Didst note it ? My

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made Has
His business more material. Thy

Leo. Didst perceive it ?—Dec

They're here with me already ; whispering, round. In t
ing : 300 C

Sicilia is a so-forth : 'tis far gone, L

When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo, If t
'That he did stay ? Wh

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. Fro

Leo. At the queen's be't : good, should be per- A se
tinent ; And

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken Tha

By any understanding pate but thine ? And

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in Ca

More than the common blocks : Not noted, is't, I ma

But of the finer natures ? by some severals 310 In ev
Of

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

295 *Leo.* Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

LLIUS. *Leo.* Satisfy

320

The entreaties of your mistress ?—satisfy—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

300 *Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord !—

329

Leo. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent : or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;

310 In every one of these no man is free,

340

But

* C

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly ; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen Camillo,
 (But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute) ; or thought (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it) ;
 My wife is slippery ? if thou wilt confess
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought) ; then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without

My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart;
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?

Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?

Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible

Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ?

379

35 Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?

Hours, minutes ? the noon, midnight ? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,

That would, unseen, be wicked ? is this nothing ?

Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing :

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing ;

My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,

If this be nothing.

re-glass

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd

Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;

36 For 'tis most dangerous.

390

Leo. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lie, you lie ;

then say,

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;

Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave ;

Or else a hovering temporizer, that

Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver

Infected as her life, she would not live

37 The running of one glass.

400

Cam.

C ij

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging

About his neck ; Bohemia :—Who, if I
Had servants true about me ; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou
His cup-bearer (whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven
How I am gall'd), thou might'st be-spice a cup, 41
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I have lov'd thee.—Make that thy question
and go rot ! 42

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully
The purity and whitness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine,

Without

Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir, 439

I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as your's at first;
Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to your's.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord, 440

Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beveridge,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord. 449

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too—To do this deed,

Promotion follows. If I could find example
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must
 Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now !
 Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
 Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
 As he had lost some province, and a region
 Lov'd, as he loves himself : even now I met him
 With customary compliment ; when he,
 Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
 So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
 That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ? do you know, and
 dare not ?

Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts :
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,

Your

Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

461 *Cam.* There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught 490
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. *Camillo,*
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto,
Clerk-like experinc'd (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
470 In whose success we are gentle); I beseech you,
e, If you know aught, which does behove my know-
ledge 500

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo,*
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
479 Which honour does acknowledge (whereof the least
, and Is not this suit of mine), that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be; 511
If not, how best to bear it.

Your *Cam.*

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
 Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
 That I think honourable: Therefore, mark
 counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
 I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
 Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
 As he had seen't, or been an instrument
 To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
 Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
 To an infected jelly; and my name
 Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
 Turn then my freshest reputation to
 A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
 Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
 That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this thought over
 By each particular star in heaven, and
 By all their influences, you may as well
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
 As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake

Act I.

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The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.

Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth ; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth ;
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

560
570
In

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen; part of his theam; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us ~~avoid~~.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker (yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best; so that there be not

Too

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half moon made with a pen).

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray
now,

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows. 20

2 Lady. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale. 30

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:

I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful
as it. 10

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay come, sit down; then on.

Mam.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell softly :

Yon' crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts;—I have drunk and seen the
spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: How came the posterns
So easily open?

tell Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

ar. Leo. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy ; [To HERMIONE.] I am glad, you
did not nurse him :

o will Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you 70
Have too much blood in him.——

ever Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her ;

Away with him : and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for it is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not ;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords, 80

own Look on her, mark her well ; be but about

sides To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and

een th The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable* :

Praise her but for this her without-door form

(Which on my faith deserves high speech), and
straight

6 The shrug, the hum, or ha——these petty brands,

That calumny doth use: Oh, I am out——

That mercy does ; for calumny will sear 89

rns Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,

When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,

Lord D Ere

Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known
(From him, that has most cause to grieve it should
be)

She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
She's an adultress ;—I have said, with whom ;
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A Federary with her ; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle, my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake

120

In these foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison;
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your
highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
[*To her Ladies.*

There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-
tress

Hath deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

Dij

I trust,

I trust, I shall.—My women—come; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded; and Ladies*]

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: Be she honour flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't;—By mine
honour,

I'll

I'll geld 'em all : Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease ; no more :

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : I see't and feel't ;
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal

180

The instruments that feel.

[*Striking his brows.*]

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What ? lack I credit ?

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

190

Leo. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this : which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not
Relish as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

200

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

D liij

You

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed), do push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild), I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency ; Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she would be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in public : for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison. Enter PAULINA, and Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison—call to him;

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee;

What dost thou then in prison? Now, good sir.

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,

And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,

240

Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors! Is it lawful

Pray you to see her women? any of them?

Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I

250

Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul.

Ant.

Paul. I pray you now
Call her: Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gent*]

Gaol. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado

[*Exit Gaoler*]

To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Enter EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous, unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll tak't upon me.

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more: Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be

Her

Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

280

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

290

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

300

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

*Changes to the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS,
Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest:——It is but
weakness 810

To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She the adultrous;—for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord?

Leo. How does the boy? 820

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;

Threw

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : go,

[Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fy, fy ! no thought of him ;—
The very thought of my revenges that way 330
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;
And in his parties, his alliance—let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas ! 340
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded,

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needles heavings :—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words, as med'cinal, as true ;

350

Honest,

Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How !——

Away with that audacious lady:—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;
I knew she would.

360

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What ? can'st not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour), trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now ; you hear !

When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

370

Paul. Good my liege, I come——

And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems your's. I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen ! I say,
good queen ;

380

And

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me. On mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing

[Laying down the child.

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:—
A most intelligencing bawd!

391

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll war-
rant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard.—

[To ANTIGONUS.

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd; unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

401

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then, 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children your's.

E

Leo.

Leo. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light. 418

Paul. Nor I ; nor any

But one, that's here ; and that's himself :—For he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will
not

(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone was sound.

Leo. A callat 420

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her hus-
band,

And now baits me !—This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it ; and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is your's ;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,

Altho' the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip ; 430

The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek ; his
smiles ;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husbands!

Leo. A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

440

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something sa-
vours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world,

Leo. On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

460

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

—Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis your's: Jove
send her

E ij

A better

A better guiding spirit I—What need these hands
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
 Will never do him good, not one of you,
 So, so : Farewell : we are gone. [Exit]

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
 My child ! away with't ! Even thou, that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight
 Within this hour bring me word it is done
 (And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Go take it to the fire,
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
 Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit
 We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech you
 So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg
 (As recompence of our dear services
 Past, and to come), that you do change this purpose ;
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel—

[They kneel.]

Leo.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows :
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live :
 —It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;

[To ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life (for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey) : what will you adven-
 ture

500

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible : swear by this sword,
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for the
 fail

510

Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife :
 Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection

E iij

And

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee——
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture——
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this ; tho' a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe :
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
 Casting their savageness aside, have done
 Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require ! and blessing,
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side.
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss ! [*Exit, with the Child.*]

Leo. No ; I'll not rear
 Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts,
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come
 An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
 Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
 Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
 They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ; foretels,
 The great Apollo suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
 Summon a session, that we may arraign

Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, 550
 And think upon my bidding, [Exeunt severally.]

Æt III. SCENE I.

*A part of Sicily, near the sea side. Enter CLEOMENES,
 and DION, with attendants.*

Cleomenes.

THE climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
 Fertile the isle ; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits
 (Methinks, I so should term them), and the reve-
 rence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !——
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i'the offering !

Cleo. But of all, the burst 10
 And the ear-deafning voice o'the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen (O be't so !)

As

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up),
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go — fresh
horses; —
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice. LEONTES, Lords, and Officers,
appear properly seated.

Leo. This session (to our great grief, we pronounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
— Produce the prisoner.

off.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA, and
Ladies, attending.

Leo. Read the indictment.

38

Off. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and

The testimony on my part, no other

50

But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine

Behold our human actions, as they do,

I doubt not then, but innocence shall make

False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,

Who least will seem to do so, my past life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,

60

As I am now unhappy; which is more

Than

Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
 And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing,
 To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief which I would spare : for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so : Since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus ? if one jot beyond
 The bounds of honour ; or, in act, or will
 That way inclining ; hard'ned be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, Fye, upon my grave !

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of those bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
 Tho' 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
 What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
 With whom I am accus'd), I do confess,

I lov'd

I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd ;
 With such a kind of love, as might become
 A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude,
 To you and towards your friend, whose love had
 spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 That it was your's. Now, for conspiracy, 100
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
 For me to try how : all I know of it,
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
 And, why he left your court, the gods themselves
 (Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not :
 My life stands in the level of your dreams, 110
 Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams ;
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame
 (Those of your fact are so), so past all truth ;
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it), so thou

Shalt

I lov'd

Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage 120
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast 130
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No life; 140
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake); I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter DION, and CLEOMENES.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just ; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

150

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Offi. You here shall swear upon the sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

160

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

170

Leo. Hast thou read truth ?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'the oracle :
The session shall proceed ; this is meer falsehood.

Enter

F

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!—

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The prince, your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone. 18

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*HERMIONE faints.*]

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt PAULINA, and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*]
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes:
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
My swift command ; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him, 201
Not doing it, and being done : he (most humane,
And fill'd with honour), to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour : How he glisters
Through my dark rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while ! 210
O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too ! —

Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boiling ?
burning

In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer, torture
Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle 220
For girls of nine ! O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,

F ij

And

And damnable ungrateful : nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king : poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter, 23
To be, or none, or little ; tho' a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : But the last—O lords,
When I have said, cry, woe !—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead ; and ven-
geance for't 24
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word, not
oath,

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees, 25
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
P'the boldness of your speech. 260

Paul. I am sorry for't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman : 270
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall 280
The causes of their death appear unto

Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie : and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III

*Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea. Enter ANTI-
 GONUS with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
 upon

The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay my lord ; and fear,
 We have landed in ill time ; the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! Go, get aboard ;
 Look to thy bark : I'll not be long before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
 Too far i'the land : 'tis like to be loud weather :
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar.

Mar. I am glad at heart to be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe; I have heard,
But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another, 310
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 320
"Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There weep, and, leave it crying; and, for the
babe
"Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
"I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
"Thy wife Paulina more:"—And so with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 330
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,

Hermione

Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well;

[Laying down the Child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a Bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty
 one,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
 wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—
 Well may I get aboard—This is the chace,
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a Bear

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
 three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the
 rest: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting
 wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
 fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these
 boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt
 this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best
 sheep;

Child.

ndle.

pretty

Poor

340

sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder! A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry 'till my son come; he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hea!

368

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!——

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

377

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'm: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into

into a hogshead. And then for the land service—
To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how
he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Anti-
gonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the
ship; to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—But first,
how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;
—And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear
mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or
weather.

39^o

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under water;
nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it
now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the
old man.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship side, to
have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd
footing.——

[*Aside.*]

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou meet'st with
things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight
for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's
child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy;
open't; so, let's see; it was told me, I should be
rich by the fairies. This is some changeling.—Open't:
What's within, boy?

41^o

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!
all gold!

Shep.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so, Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it. 423

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, as Chorus.

Time

I, That please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error——
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

Of

Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was, 10
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times, that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning ; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving
That he shuts up himself ; Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mention here a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy ;—But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth :—A shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time : Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now : 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia. Enter POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure. 41

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me business, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-
ing friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'y-
thee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the

G

Prince

prince Florizel my son? kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues. 60

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 72

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia. 84

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the country. Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer,
 With, hey! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter pale.
 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge:
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
 The lark, that tirra-lirrra chaunts,
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.* 90

I have sery'd prince Florizel, and, in my time wore
 three pile; but now I am out of service.

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
 The pale moon shines by night:
 And when I wander here and there,
 I then do go most right.
 If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sow-skin budget;
 Then my account I well may give,
 And in the stocks avouch it.* 109

G ij

My

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolicus, who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see; — Every eleven weather tod; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to? 121

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine—

[*Aside*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means, and bases: but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace—dates—none; that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun. 13

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags: and then, death, death!——

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 15•

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out. 16•

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. 170

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out o' the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide. 180

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolicus,

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel. 191

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if

if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false at heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way ?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir !—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue !

211

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hend the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Cot. Enter FLORIZEL, and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do

Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods.
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me ;
Oh pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing : and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom ; I should blush
To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me, the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did : Oh, the fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ! What would he say ? Or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence !

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter

Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations 250
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak ; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life. 260

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast : or, I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's : For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Tho' destiny say, *No.* Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day 270
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious !

Enter

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, Servants;
with POLIXENES, and CAMILLO, disguised.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook; 279
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all, serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known. 289
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [To POL. and CAM.

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o' the day: You're welcome, sir!
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend
Sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:

Grace

Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

300

Pol. Shepherdess
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

310

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be:

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

320

A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them; 330
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there.
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing. 340

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through an i through. Now, my
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and your's, and your's,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils, 350
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty: violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Plæbus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids) ; gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

361

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers ;

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorels : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,

371

I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;

Pray, so ; and for the ordering your affairs,

To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do

Nothing but that : move still, still so,

And own no other function. Each your doing,

So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

380

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large : but that your youth

And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through
it,

H

Do

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair, 390
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up. 400

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick
To mend her kissing with. —

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners;
Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts him-
self

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it

Upon

Upon his own report, and I believe it ; 410
He looks like sooth : He says, he loves my daughter,
I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it
That should be silent ; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that 420
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe ; no, the bag-pipe could not move you : he sings
several tunes, faster than you'll tell money ; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come in.
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-
ter merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed,
and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves :
he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without
bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burdens
of *dil-do's* and *fa-dings* ; *jump her and thump her* : and
where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were,

Hij

mean

mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*. 441

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square-on't. 453

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber:*

Golden

*Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears :
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come buy of me, come : come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry : 471
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 480

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : 'may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

H iij

Aut.

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad: therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 500

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer! 510

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. 523

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut.

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.——

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones. 530

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go; 540
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? M. O. whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou do'st ill.

A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

550

Then, whither go's't? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:
My father and the gentleman are in sad talk, and
we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack
after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar,
let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And silk, and thread,
And toys for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medlar,
That doth utter all men's wear-a.*

560

[*Exit Clown, AUTOLICUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shep-
herds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that
have made themselves all men of hair, they call them-
selves saltiers: and they have a dance, which the
wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because
they are not in't: but they themselves are o' the mind,

if

Act IV.

559

elves:
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edlar,

Aside.

560

SA.

shep-
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Act IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

85

if it be not too rough for some, that know little but
bowling, it will please plentifully. 574

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too
much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we
weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's
see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir,
hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of
the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the
square. 583

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men
are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir.

Here a dance of Twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Aside.*] O, father, you'll know more of that
hereafter.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shep-
herd?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take 590
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were straited

For

For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heavens, and all:
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-
ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

630

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his,

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

Th' virtue of your daughter: one being dead, 640

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand,

And, daughter, your's.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,

Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

650

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table: Pray you, once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies

Cam.

Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;

66

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife: but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

67

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:

68

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

Shorten

Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

Shep. O, my heart !

690

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as
never

I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,

Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words ;

Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,

Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee 699

From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,

Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea him too,

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee ; if ever, henceforth, thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.

Per. Even here, undone !

I was not much affeard : for once, or twice,

I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,

710

The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike. Wilt please you, sir, be gone ?

[To FLORIZEL.

I

I told

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care :—this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father ?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*To PERDITA.*

That knew'st, this was the prince ; and would'st ad-
venture

To mingle faith with him. Undone ! undone !
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not affeard ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back : not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious, my lord,
You know your father's temper ; at this time
He will allow no speech (which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him), and as hardly

740
Will

n you,
ne—

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo——

Cam. Even he, my lord.

750

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus !

RIZEL.

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known !

Flo. It cannot fail, but by

750

y me
etch!

DITA.

1'st ad.

The violation of my faith ; and then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

730

[Exit.

Flo. I am ! and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

760

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

llowing

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not

I ij

To

740

Will

To see him any more), cast your good counsels 771
 Upon his passion; let myself, and fortune
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver, I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 And most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting. 780

Cam. O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——

I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO. 790

Cam. [*Aside.*] He's irremoveable,
 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia 795
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo——

I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,

You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
 That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick 800
 To

To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king ;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness ; where you may 810
Enjoy your mistress ; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heavens forefend !) your ruin. Marry her ;
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting father I will strive
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee. 820

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.

This follows. If you will not change your pur-
pose,

But undergo this flight ; make for Sicilia :

I iij

830

And

And there present yourself, and your fair princess
 (For so, I see, she must be), 'fore Leontes,
 She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
 Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
 As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him,
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
 He chides to hell, and bids the other grow 840
 Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
 What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
 Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
 The which shall point you forth at every sitting, 850
 What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your father's bosom there,
 And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
 There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
 Than a wild dedication of yourselves
 To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
 To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
 But, as you shake off one, to take another: 860
 Nothing so certain as your anchors; who

Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :

I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

870

Cam. Yea, say you so ?

There shall not at your father's house, these seven
years,

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,

She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this ;
I'll blush you thanks.

880

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—

But, oh, the thorns we stand upon ! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house ! how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,

Fear none of this : I think, you know my fortunes
Do all lie there ; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if

890

The

The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want ; one word—

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLICUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and, what I saw ; to my good use, I remember'd. My Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man), grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words ! which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses : and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. 916

[*CAM. FLO. and PER. come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there,

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—— 920

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing AUTOLICUS.* We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now —— why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shak'st thou so?

Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee. 930

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly, thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:——I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half dead already. 942

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.—— [*Aside.*

Flo.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy

Come home to you !—you must retire yourself

Into some covert : take your sweet-heart's hat,

And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;

Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliken

The truth of your own seeming ; that you may,

For I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board

Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——

Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat :
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king

[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound :

Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail

To force him after : in whose company

I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[*Exit FLO. with PER.*]

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : To have
 950 an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot ? what a boot is here, with this exchange ? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't : I hold it
 960 the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession. 990

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside ;—here's more matter for a hot brain : Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood. ○

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then. 999

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh

Flo.

flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her : This being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word ; yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 1009

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely ; puppies ! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well ; let us to the king : there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—How now, rusticks ? whither are you bound ? 1022

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there ? — what ? with whom ? the condition of that farthel ? the place of your dwelling ? your names ? your age ? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known ? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir. 1029

Aut.

Aut. A lie ; you are rough and hairy : Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie ! but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir ? 1037

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court-odour from me ? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am courtier, *Cap-à-pè* ; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair. 1047

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him ?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Glo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant ; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men ! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 1059

K

Clo.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant ; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there ? what's i' the farthel ?
Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir ?

1070

Aut. The king is not at the palace : he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself : For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly ; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir ?

1080

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter ; but those that are germane to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman : which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace ! some say, he shall be ston'd ; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote ! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

1089

Col.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men), what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

1108

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive——

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

K ij

Shep.

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you ^{as} much as this old man does when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you. 1132

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side, go on the right-hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what

shame

shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them,
there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Changes to Sicilia. Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES,
DION, PAULINA, and Servants.*

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heir-less it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!

K iij

She

She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady ;
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?
What holier, than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,

As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary ;
Oppose against their wills. ——— Care not for issue ;

[To the King.]

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour : O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips !

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives ; therefore no wife : one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse ; and, on this stage
(Where we offend her now), appear soul-vest,
And begin, *Why to me ?* ———

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so,
Were I the ghost that walk'd ; I'd bid you mark
Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't

You

You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.* 80

Leo. Stars, stars!

And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye. 90

Cleo. Good madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry—If you will,
sir;

No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy

To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us. 100

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she,
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us, 110
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave 120
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme); *she had not been,*
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, 130
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal

Of

Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
[*Exit CLEOMENES.*
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. 141

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children), seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come. — 150

*Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CLEOMENES, and
others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome, As

As your fair princess, goddess!—Oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as 160
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too of your brave father; whom
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times), hath something
seiz'd 170

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so), more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living,

Leo. Oh, my brother!

(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 179
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least, ungente, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
The adventure of her person?

Flo.

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

190

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it), with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

200

210

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report, will bear no credit,

Were

Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me ;
Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him.

I speak amazedly ; and it becomes 221
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whilst he was hastning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now
Endur'd all weathers. 230

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father !—— 240
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

L

Leo.

Leo. You are marry'd ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first ;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife. 250

Leo. That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry), you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty : and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father ; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time 261
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-
tress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
gazes

Than what you look on now. 270

Leo.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter AUTOLICUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
relation ? 279

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it :
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-
manded out of the chamber. Only this, methought,
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business ;
but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,
were very notes of admiration : they seem'd almost,
with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their
eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language
in their very gesture ; they look'd, as they had heard
of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd : A notable
Lij passion

passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

296

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd: the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

302

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

307

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; — the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding — and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

318

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such manner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. 'There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands ; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter ; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother ! then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law : then again worries he his daughter with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

336

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child ?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open : he was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers ?

346

2 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd ; so that all

the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

357

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bled tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

371

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is

her

her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

283

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

403

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these cloaths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

414

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

425

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen

433

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo

Clo. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it. 440

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend : and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands ; and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 449

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PAULINA'S House. *Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul.

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
 I did not well, I meant well : All my services 459
 You have paid home : but that you have vouchsaf'd,
 With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
 Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
 It is a surplus of your grace, which never
 My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
 We honour you with trouble : but we came
 To see the statue of our queen :—Your gallery
 Have we pass'd through, not without much content
 In many singularities : but we saw not
 That which my daughter came to look upon, 479
 The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
 So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
 Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
 Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
 Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
 To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
 Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say, 'tis well.

[*PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
 I like your silence, it the more shews off
 Your wonder : But yet speak :—First you, my liege.
 Comes it not something near ? 481

Leo. Her natural posture !
 Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
 Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
 In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
 As infancy, and grace. But yet, Paulina,

Hermione

Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence :
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her,
As she liv'd now. 492

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood ;
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her !
I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ? Oh, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty, which has 500
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From my admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of your's, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience ;—
The statue is but newly fix'd ; the colour's 510
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on :
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

520

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't: lest your
fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it? see, my lord, 530
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina, 540
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
but

I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

551

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move, indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

560

Leo. What you can make her do,

I am content to look on: what to speak,

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy

To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,

570

You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:

M

Or

Paul.

Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick ; awake her ; strike. [Musick.]
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You preceive, she stirs ;

[HERMIONE comes down.]

Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand ;
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm ! [Embracing her.]
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating. 590

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel, 600

And

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

Her. You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

610

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina :

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent, 620
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine,

But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,

And

And take her by the hand ; whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd
By us a pair of kings. Let's from this place.— 638
What ?—Look upon my brother ?—Both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,
And son unto the king ; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. 639

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.



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mcs.



Act

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Scene



Ramberg del.

Scriven sculp.

MISS FARREN in OLIVIA.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o. 22, Catherine Street, Strand, Feb. 10. 1806.

THE TWELFTH NIGHT.



TWELFTH NIGHT.

*But we will draw the curtains & show you
the Picture. Look you, No such a one - I never*

Act 3

Scene 1

Scriver, Sculp.



Bell's Edition.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,
WHAT YOU WILL.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVIII.



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OBSERVATIONS
ON THE Fable AND Composition OF
TWELFTH-NIGHT:
OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers-Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a version of "Epitomes des cent Histoires Tragiques, partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. August 6, 1607, a comedy called *What you Will* (which is the second title of this play), was entered at Stationers-Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with that name. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving man, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time."

STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-check is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea-Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*

CURIO,

Sir TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*

Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.*

A Sea-Captain, Friend to Viola.

FABIAN, *Servant to Olivia.*

MALVOLIO, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*

Clown, Servant to Olivia.

W O M E N.

OLIVIA, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, beloved by the Duke.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*





TWELFTH - NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace. Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke.

If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,

10

A iij

Of

Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

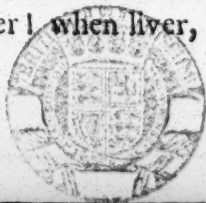
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news from
her ?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,

These



These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd
 (Her sweet perfections), with one self-same king!—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers; 41
 Love thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The street. Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you,
 sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may
 he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
 chance, 50

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
 To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
 So long as I could see.

Vio.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born,
 Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
 He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
 For but a month ago I went from hence ;
 And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know,
 What great ones do, the less will prattle of),
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 That dy'd some twelve-month since ; then leaving
 her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also dy'd : for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
 And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady ;
 And might not be deliver'd to the world,
 'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

90

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

100

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !

Vio. I thank thee : Lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's house. *Enter Sir TOBY, and MARIA.*

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus ? I am sure, care's an
enemy to life.

111

Mar.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps. 121

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose? 129

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 141

Sir

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano volgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch? 153

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance. 161

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar.

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again. 170

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again: Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor? 180

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit MARIA.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; when did I see thee so put down? 189

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir Tob. Porquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *porquoy*? do, or not do, I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-beating: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

202

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir Tob. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

212

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

220

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

B

Sir

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't. 230

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 241

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! 249

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The palace. Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in Man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here. 260

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 270

B ij

Duke.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him:
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: [*Exit Duke.*] yet, a barrful
strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

SCENE V.

OLIVIA's house. Enter MARIA, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours. 300

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary ?

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away ; Is not that as good as a hanging to you ? 312

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then ?

Clo. Not so neither : but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold ; or if both break, your gaskins fall. 320

B iij

Clo.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[Exit.

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says *Quinapalus*? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

331

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool: therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say; I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool. 352

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me?

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou? 360

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 371

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox? but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren

a barren rascal ; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone : Look you now, he's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crowd so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. 384

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite : to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon bullets : There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. 391

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools !

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam ; 'tis a fair young man ; and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. 400

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you ; he speaks nothing but madman ; Fie on him ! Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you

you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pià mater*!

410

Enter Sir TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herring!—how now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

421

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, à fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

431

Clo.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the mad man. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial. 440

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he? 450

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[Exit.

Re-enter

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. 461

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very compatible, even to the least sinister usage. 471

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance; if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house? 480

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with

with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical. 490

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned ; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates ; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir ? Here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber ; I am ~~to~~ hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. 500

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage ; I hold the olive in my hand : my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ? 510

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your ears, divinity ; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone : [*Exit MAR.*] we will hear this divinity. Now, sir, what is your text ?

Vio. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

520

Oli. In his bosom ? in what chapter of his bosom ?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it ; it is heresy. Have you no more to say ?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face ? you are now out of your text : but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present : Is't not well done ?

[*Unveiling.* 531

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir ; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

539

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty ; it shall be inventoried ; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will ; as, item, two lips indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them ; item, one neck,

C

one

one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to
'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty! 551

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him; 560
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night; 570
Haloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest

Between

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more; 580
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:— 590
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—soft!
soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio:—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service. 600

C ij *Oli.*

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. 610
Fate, shew thy force : Ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed, must be ; and be this so ! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The street. Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Antonio.

WILL you stay no longer ? nor will you not, that
I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no : my stars shine darkly
over me : the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps,
distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your
leave, that I may bear my evils alone : It were a bad
recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound ? 9

Seb. No, in sooth, sir ; my determinate voyage is
mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excel-
lent

lent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour: If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd. 22

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair; she is drown'd, already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more. 31

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell

tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court:
Farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter VIOLA, and MALVOLIO, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither. 51

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your word into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it. 59

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!

She

She made good view of me; indeed so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

70

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man;—If it be so (as 'tis),
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms?

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; 81

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's house. Enter Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed
after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo*
surgere, thou know'st—

91

Sir

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking. 100

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman: Had'st it? 114

Clo. I did impetticoat thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir

Sir To. Come on ; there is six-pence for you : let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too : if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?

O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low :

132

Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith !

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;*

Present mirth hath present laughter :

What's to come, is still unsure :

In delay there lies no plenty ;

Then come kiss me sweet and twenty,

140

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch. 151

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin. 160

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*Singing.* 169

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 173

Sir To. *O, the twelfth day of December—*[Singing.

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 182

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 191

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

Mal. I'st even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

201

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

219

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed; I know, I can do it.

Sir

Sir To. Possess us, possess us! tell us something of him. 231

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't; but I have reason good enough. 232

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him. 260

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you too, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit. 27]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me—What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to-bed, knight.—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 28

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to-bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt. 29]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Duke's palace. Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick :—Now, good-morrow, friends :—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night : 290
Methought, it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it ?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house. 300

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.* [*Musick.*

Come hither, boy ; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is below'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

D ij

Duke.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
 My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
 Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves—
 Hath it not, boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't ?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
 i' faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven : Let still the woman
 take

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
 For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—
 Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain :
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And

And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

340

Duke. Ay, pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.*

350

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

D iij

Duke.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

360

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[Exit.

370

Duke. Let all the rest give place.— [Exeunt.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?—

380

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

390

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

401

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like patience on a monument,

410

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for, still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke.

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, 420
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

OLIVIA's garden. *Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose' a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame!

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here. 430

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again: and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I
know,

know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. 444

[*They hide themselves.* MARIA *throws down a letter, and*
[*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? 450

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace! 460

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown ; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

471

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O, peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state : and after a demure travel of regard,——telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.——

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

479

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; curtsies there to me :

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

0

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control :

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow ^{on the} lips then ?

490

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech ;——*

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

4

Mal.

Mal. *Besides you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight.*

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you. 500

Mal. *One Sir Andrew!*

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. 511

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. *To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—

Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. *Jove knows, I love:*

But who? /

520

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the number's alter'd!—*No man must know:*—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal.

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*

530

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first,
let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at
it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may
command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why,
this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no
obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should
that alphabetical position portend? if I could make
that resemble something in me,—Softly;—*M. O.
A. I!*

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: he is now at a cold
scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it
be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my
name. 550

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur
is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the
sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should fol-
low, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

562

Mal. M. O. A. I.—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She, that would alter services with thee, The fortunate-unhappy. Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vise, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason*

E

excites

excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee;—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit. 600

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either? 610

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream,
that,

that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me. 626

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA's garden. *Enter VIOLA, and Clown.*

Viola.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

E ij

Vio.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrace'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to her-rings.

rings, the husband's the bigger : I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's. 40

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress : I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ? 51

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir ; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar ; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin : I might say, element ; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit : He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time ; And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
 As full of labour as a wise man's art :
 For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit ;
 But wise men's folly fallen, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.—
 Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous
 you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she is
 the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
 understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
 legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance : But
 we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain
 odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier ! *Rain odours !*
 well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your
 own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed!*—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*]

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name? 100

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours; Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:— 110

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him: But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that, Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment (you did hear), A ring in chace of you: so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: 120 Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving

Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

139

Vio. No, not a grice; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

140

Vio. Then westward ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli.

Æ III.

WHAT YOU WILL.

57

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 151
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide. 160

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore. 170

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st
move

That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

An apartment in OLIVIA's house. Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy! tell me that? 180

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormous valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion;

opinion ; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy. 200

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour ; for policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him ; hurt him in eleven places ; my niece shall take note of it : and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. 210

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand ; be curst and brief : it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention : taunt him with the licence of ink : if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England—set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : About it. 221

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad ; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clogg the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy. 234

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings! 244

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.

him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do,
he'll smile, and take't for a great favour. 254

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The street. Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks, 270
And thanks, and ever: Oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

F

Ant.

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time; and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying 290
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your know-
ledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA's house. Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : He says, he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ? 310
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner.

He is sure, possess, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam,

He does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come, 321
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,

F ij

Enter

Enter MALVOLIO.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho! *[Smiles fantastically.]*

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

333

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? 340

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 349

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli.

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatness,—*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings!—*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd!*

Oli. Cross-garter'd!—

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*

Oli. Am I made!

363

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exit.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman—surly with servants—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state—put thyself into the trick of singularity;—and, consequently,*

sequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to*: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said! Nothing, that can be, can come between me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

394

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in liddle, and *Legion* himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is! How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks with him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man? defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

410

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

422

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

430

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

439

Fab.

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mal. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief, that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: But see, but see.

454

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Sir TOBY reads.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

462

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow the law.

Sir

Sir To. *Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.* 470

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law; Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well: And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,——* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll giv't him. 483

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away. 493

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between

between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it), into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out: 513
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: 520
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

530

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't :
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I
know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight,
bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard
end : dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation,
for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure no man hath any
quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and
clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : there-
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to
your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what
youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man
withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd ra-
pier, and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil
in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorc'd
three ; and his incensement at this moment is so im-
placable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs
of death and sepulchre : hob, nob, is his word ; give't,
or take't.

553

Vio.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose. 567

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman, 'till my return. [Exit Sir TOBY.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrament; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can. 583

Vio.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for it: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy. 593

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN, and VIOLA.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To FABIAN.*]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 609

G

Sir

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vow ; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't. [*They draw.*]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath !

623

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword ; If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me ; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet to do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 630

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold ; here comes the officers.

Sir To. I will be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[*To Sir ANDREW.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino. 641

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well. Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, 650 Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: 660 Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love——
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us?—the time goes by;—
away.

Ant. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit ANTONIO with Officers.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That

That he believes himself: so do not I.

692

Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

700

For him I limitate: Oh, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears, in leav-
ing his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and
for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

711

Sir And. An I do not,—

[Exit Sir AND.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The street. Enter SEBASTIAN, and Clown.

Clown.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly some where else; Thou know'st not me. 11

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment. 20

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating* Sir ANDREW.]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. 29

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEB.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on. 40

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby, on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit

Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:— 61

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prythee: 'Would, thou'dst be
rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

SCENE II.

*An apartment in OLIVIA's house. Enter MARIA, and
Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the cu-
rate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. 69

[*Exit MARIA.*
Clo.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is? 82

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,——Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady. 90

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy; Say'st thou, that house is dark? 100

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as bar-ricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there's no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog. 110

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion? 120

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou

thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas——

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. 130

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit with MARIA.*

Clo. *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,* 140
Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mal. Fool——

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool——

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;——

Clo. *She loves another——* Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't. 151

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal.

Mal. Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. 161

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not, I, sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,— 170

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper and light, and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. 180

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, 'till I see

his

his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree ; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,* [Singing.

*And anon, sir, ** 190

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain ;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha ! to the devil :

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit. 200

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's garden. Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't :
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant :
Yet there he was ; and' there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.

H

His

His counsel now might do me golden service :
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness, 210
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't 220
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean
 well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by : there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace : He shall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep 230
 According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And
heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The street. Enter Clown, and FABIAN.

Fabian.

Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends ?

Clo. Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well ; How dost thou, my good fellow ? 10

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Hij

Clo.

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes. 22

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel. 30

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Benet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. 42

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but,

but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, and
I will wake it anon.

[Exit Clown.

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd 50

As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:

A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;

With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That very envy, and the tongue of loss,

Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,

That took the Phœnix, and her freight, from Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tyger board, 60

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:

Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,

Hast made thine enemies? 70

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,

H ij

Though,

Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love, without retention, or restraint, 80
 All his in dedication: for his sake,
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger),
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use 90
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks
 on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
 Three

Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside. 103

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my
lord—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after musick. 110

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,

That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-
come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill what I love ; a savage jealousy, 120

That sometimes savours nobly ? But hear me this :

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument,

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;

But

But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.—
 Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;
130

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.]

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love! 140

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
 Call forth thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [To VIOLA.]

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband! Can he that deny? 150

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Fear

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know, 160
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ? 171
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear ;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter

Enter Sir ANDREW, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; and send one presently to Sir Toby. 180

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head across, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario! 190

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing: and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. 199

Enter Sir TOBY, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's an end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure pavin:

I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them? 211

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and 220 By that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee?

Ant.

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

230

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there : I never had a brother :

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—

Of charity, what kin are you to me ? [To VIOLA.

What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father ; 241

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watry tomb :

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed ;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

250

And say—Thrice welcome, drown'd Viola !

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !

He finished, indeed, his mortal act,

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
 But this my masculine usurp'd attire, 260
 Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
 That I am Viola: which to confirm,
 I'll bring you to a captain in this town
 Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help
 I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA.

But nature to her bias drew in that. 270
 You would have been contracted to a maid;
 Nor are you therein by my life deceiv'd,
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIO.
 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, I will over-swear;
 And all those swearings keep as true in soul, 280
 As doth that orb'd continent the fire
 That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
 Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me, 290
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembranc clearly banish'd his—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here
writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day
morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it. 300

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam. I do but read madness: an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits,
is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and
give ear. 310

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.]

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it: though you have put me in—*

to darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induc'd me to the semblance I put on; with the which, I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-us'd MALVOLIO. 320

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. Your master quits you: and, for your service done him,

130

So much against the metal of your sex, [*To VIOLA.*
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Malvolio?

Mal.

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

140

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or, say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:

350

And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,

Thou

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not, 370
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him : Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance ;
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past. 380

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee ?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude ; one Sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one :—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;*—
But do you remember, madam,—*Why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's gegg'd :* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd. 390

Duke. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace :—
He hath not told us of the captain yet ;

When

When that is known, and Golden Time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls :—Mean time, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come ;
 For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
 But, when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.

Clown sings.

When that I was and a litte tiny boy, 400
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves, men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive, 410
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.* [Exit.]

THE END.







Act
COMEDY of ERRORS.

Scene



Re. 180 del.

Scotson 1806

M^r. LYNCHBOLD in the Character of LADY ABBESS.

*Oh if thou best the same Alcon, speak,
& speak unto the same Amilia!*

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o. 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Sep. 27. 1806.

J. N. A. 1806.



COMEDY of ERRORS.

If I dream not; thou art Celia.

Act 5.

Scene 2.

Act 5.

Scene 2.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 6, Catherine Street, Strand, Sep. 27. 1806.



Bell's Edition.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence, saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVIII.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF THE
COMEDY of ERRORS.

SHAKSPERE certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument is as follows :

- “ Two twinne-borne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
- “ Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other ;
- “ The first his father lost a little lad,
- “ The grandsire namde the latter like his brother :
- This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
- “ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
- “ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
- “ That citizens there take him for the same :
- “ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
- “ Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character ; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers and Sons to*
ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmia, but un-*
 } *known to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *two Antipholis's.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a conjurer.*

W O M E N.

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus,*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

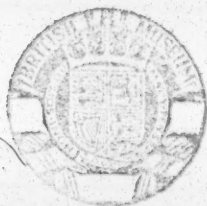
LUCIANA, *sister to Adriana.*

LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*

A Courtesan.

Painter, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Ephesus.*





COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace. Enter the Duke of Ephesus, ÆGEON, Jailor, and other attendants.

Ægeon.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more ;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws ;
The enmity and discord, which of late,
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks. 10
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

B

It

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
 To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
 Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
 Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
 Again, if any, Syracusan born,
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose:
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
 Yet that the world may witness, that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born; and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum, 'till my factor's death;



And

And he, great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.
 There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ; 50
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean woman was delivered
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return :
 Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon. 60
 We came aboard :
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which, though myself, would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, 70
 Weeping before, for what she saw must come,

B ij

And

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me,
 And this it was,—for other means were none.—
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
 But ere they came,—Oh, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward old man, do not break off so ;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rock ;

Which

Which being violently borne upon
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as 'burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up 110
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail, 1
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps. 120

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrowest
 for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Egeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother ; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant (for his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name),
 Might bear him company in the quest of him :
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 130

I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
 mark'd

140

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy life by beneficial help:

150

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
 Jailer, take him to thy custody. [*Ex. Duke and train.*
Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt ÆGEON and Jailer.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Changes to the Street. Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse,
a Merchant, and DROMIO.*

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. 160
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, 170
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit.* DROMIO.

Ant. A trusty villain, sir that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town, 180
And then go to my inn and dine with me ?

Mer.

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. 190

[Exit Merchant.]

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date,——
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too
late: 201

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day. 210

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money, that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday
last,

To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper;—
The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post; 221
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of
season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolish-
ness, 230

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the
mart

Home

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate, 240
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phœnix;
She, that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. 250

E. Dro. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands;
Nay, an you will not sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,

Dark-

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin : 260
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The house of Antipholis of Ephesus. Enter ADRIANA,
and LUCIANA.*

Adriana.

NEITHER my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :
A man is master of his liberty ;
Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They'll go or come : If so, be patient, sister. 9

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
 Are their males' subject, and at their controuls:
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these, 20
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
 Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords:
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some
 sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey. 29

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she
 pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear; Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it. 50

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad: 60

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; *My gold*, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

C

70
E. Dro.

E. Dro. Quoth my master :

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress ;—

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating : 80

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took 90

From my poor cheek ? then, he hath wasted it :

Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state :

What

What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures : My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair : 100

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy ! fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dis-
pense.

I know his eye doth homage other-where ;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain ; —

Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !

I see, the jewel, best enamelled, 110

Will lose his beauty ; and the gold 'bides still,

That others touch ; yet often touching will

Wear gold : and so no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die. }

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy ! }

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The street. Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave

C ij

Is

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

120

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, sir? when spake I such a
 word?

130

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein;
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
 that.

[*Beats DROMIO.*]

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest
 is earnest:

141

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
 And make a common of my serious hours.
 When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanor to my looks, 150
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
 battering, I had rather have it a head: an ye use
 these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
 and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my
 shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten:

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
 every why hath a wherefore. 161

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, where-
 fore,——

For urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
 of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
 rhyme nor reason?——

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you
 gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you no-
 thing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

C iij

S. Dro.

S. Dro. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things. 181

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery? 190

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair. 201

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing. 210

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover. 221

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,

I am

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd, wouldst
vow,

230

That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

240

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

250

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.

I am

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot :
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust :
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh 260
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk ;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother ! how the world is chang'd with
 you ;

When were you wont to use my sister thus ? 270
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio ?

S. Dro. By me ?

Adr. By thee ; and thus thou didst return from
 him, —

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?
 What is the course and drift of your compact

S. Dro. I, sir ? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest : for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart. 281

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
 Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grosly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine: 290
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theme:

What was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this? 300
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—oh, spight of spights!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st
not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant.

Ant.

S. D.

Ant.

S. D.

Luc.

S. D.

*Tis so

But I s

Adr.

To pu

Whils

Come,

Husba

And s

Sirrah

Say, h

Come

Ant.

Sleep

Know

I'll s

And

S.

Adr.

Luc.

Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and so am I,

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me. 320

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister: Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The street before ANTIPHOLIS's house. Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all ;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours :
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold:
And that I did deny my wife and house :—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an
ass.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar ; Pray god,
our cheer

20

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your wel-
come dear.

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common, that every churl
affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common ; for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a
merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest :

But though my cates be mean, take them in good
part ;

30

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft ; my door is lock'd ; Go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Ginn !

S. Dro. [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, idiot, patch !

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
hatch :

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'dst for
such store,

When one is one too many ? go get thee from the
door.

D

E. Dro.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet. 39

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got my credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or,
thy name for an ass.

Luce. [within] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate? 50

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no. 60

E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys,

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before. 70

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin,

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold :

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something, I'll break open the gate. 80

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind !

E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather; master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :

If

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together. 90

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse,

Why at this time the doors are made against you. 100

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in, 110

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;

For ever hous'd, where't gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,—

Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too gentle,—

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain: by this, I know, 'tis made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife),
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, sir,
 hence.

E. Ant. Do so; This jest shall cost me some ex-
 pence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The house of ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus. Enter LU-
 CIANA with ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholis, hate,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more
 kindness:
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness:
 Let

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ; 140

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;

Apparel vice, like virtue's barbinger :

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;

Be secret false ; What need she be acquainted ?

What simple thief brags of his own attain ?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board :

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 150

Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us ;

Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve ;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet mistress (what your name is else, I
know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine) 160

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show
not

Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak,

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know, 171

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie ;

And in that glorious supposition, think 180

He gains by death, that hath such means to die :—

Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being
by,

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me, love ? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister. 190

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;

Mine

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heavn's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sistere sweet, for I mean thee ;
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife : 200
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still ;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Ex. LUC.*

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio ? where run'st
thou so fast ?

S. Dro. Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ? am
I your man ? am I myself ?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou
art thyself.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and be-
sides myself. 211

S. Ant. What woman's man ? and how besides
thyself ?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a
woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee ?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, such a claim as you would lay
to your horse ; and she would have me as a beast :
not that, I being a beast, she would have me ; but
that

that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

222

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend. 240

S. Dro. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters (that is an ell and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

250

S. Ant.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England?

260

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballasted at her nose. 272

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breast had not been

been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel. 283

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road ;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none, 291
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor : but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But least myself be guilty of self-wrong, 300
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO, with a chain

Ang. Master Antipholis ?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir : Lo, here is the chain ;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine :
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this ?

Ang.

Ang. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have : 310

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts, 320

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;

If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The street. Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Merchant.

You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you ;

E

Nor

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholis :
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock, 10
I shall receive the money for the same :
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of
Ephesus, as from the Courtezan's.*

Off. That labour you may save ; see where he
comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go
thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. 20

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy a
rope ! *[Exit DROMIO.]*

E. Ant. A man is well help up, that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain ;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me ;
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

Ang.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more 30
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you. 39

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine: 50
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me ; the chain——

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath !

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance : 60
Good sir, say, whether you'll answer me, or no ;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you ! why should I answer you ?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit. 70

Offi. I do ;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation :——

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had !
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

80

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
Then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

90

E. Ant. How now! a madman! why thou peevish
sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope;

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

101

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;
 Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
 That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
 There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;
 Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
 And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave ; begone :
 On, officer, to prison till it come. [Exeunt.

S. Dro. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd, 111
 Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
 Thither I must, although against my will,
 For servants must their master's minds fulfil. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*The house of ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus. Enter ADRIANA,
 and LUCIANA.*

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?

Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or merrily ?
 What observation mad'st thou in this case, 120
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none ; the more my
 spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
 were.

Luc.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might
move.

130

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

141

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away :

My heart prays for him, though my tongue d
curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet nwo
make haste.

Luc. How, hast thou lost thy breath ?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell

A devil

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, 151
 One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
 mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
 well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to
 hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on
 the case. 160

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested,
 well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can
 tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
 in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[Exit LUCIANA.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
 A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain? 170

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time, that I were
 gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one,

Adr. The hours come back ! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a'turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou
reason ?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day ?
If time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it
straight ;

181

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister : I am press'd down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The street. Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute
me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some

Some tender money to me, some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
 Some offer me commodities to buy : 190
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
 What, have you got the picture of old Adam new
 apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou
 mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,
 but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in
 the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he
 that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid
 you forsake your liberty. 204

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain case: he that went
 like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir,
 that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,
 and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed
 men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets
 up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a
 morris pike. 212

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band : he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, *God give you good rest !*

S. Ant. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there

Any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?

S. Dro. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to night ; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay : Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I ;
And here we wander in illusions :
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholis.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :

Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day ? 230

S. Ant. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not !

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan ?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam :
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench :
and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels
of

of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn ; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. 241
Will you go with me ? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio ?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :

I conjure thee to leave me, and begone. 250

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd ; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils

Ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-stone ; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise ; an' if you give it her, 260
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain ;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so ?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go,

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock : Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*

Cour.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
 Else would he never so demean himself:
 A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
 And for the same he promis'd me a chain?
 Both one, and other, he denies me now. 270
 The reason that I gather he is mad,
 (Besides this present instance of his rage)
 Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
 Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.
 My way is now, to hie home to his house,
 And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
 My ring away: This course I fittest choose; 280
 For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The street. Enter ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS, with a Jailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
 And will not lightly trust the messenger,
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

F

Enter

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.

How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ; 290

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money ?

E. Dro. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope ?

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, sir ; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats DROMIO.*

Offi. Good sir, be patient. 300

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass. 309

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands

hands for my service, but blows : when I am cold, he heats me with beating : when I am warm, he cools me with beating : I am wak'd with it, when I sleep ; rais'd with it, when I sit ; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home ; welcom'd home with it, when I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat ; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door. 320

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with a Schoolmaster called PINCH, and others.

E. Ant. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end ; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk ? [Beats DROMIO.]

Cour. How say you now ? is not your husband mad ?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.——

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand. 330

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

F ij

And

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd, to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what say'st thou? 349

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage. 359

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch.

Pinch. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest
me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me ? heart and good-will you
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did. 370

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks :

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold :
But, I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. 380

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company ;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou,

390

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

400

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[*They bind ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO.*

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

E. Dra.

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master cry the devil.—— 410

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt* PINCH, ANTIPH. DROMIO, &c.]

Say now whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me but had it
not. 419

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.——

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, with his rapier
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more
help,

To have them bound again.

429

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*They run out.*]

Manent

Manent ANTIPHOLIS, and DROMIO.

S. Ant. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence :

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

440

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

Æ V. SCENE I.

A street before a priory. Enter the Merchant, and ANGELO.

Angelo.

I AM sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—

Signior Antipholis, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly :

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;

Who but for staying on our controversy,

20

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day ;

This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

S. Ant. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
thee :

Fye on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus :

I'll prove mine honour and my honesty

30

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ; he is mad ;—

Some

Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear him to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take
a house.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you
hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, 'till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye 50
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing,
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last?
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb.

Abb. But not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me. 60

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanc'd at it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad. 69

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman,

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Therefore the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet Recreation barr'd, what doth ensue, 80

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :]

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes; and answer not? 91

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse, 102
Diet his sickness, for it is my office:
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me,

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order:

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me. 110

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

[Exit Abbess.]

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And

And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five: 120

Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his
death. 130

Lac. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter the Duke, and ÆGEON bare-headed; with the
Headsmen and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my
husband——

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters—this ill day 140
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street

(With him his bondman all as mad as he),
 Doing displeasure to the citizens
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape, 150
 He broke from those that had the guard of him:
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
 Chac'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them: then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out, 159
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my
 wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;
 I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My

My master and his man are both broke loose, 171
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us. 181

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here; 190
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me
justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

G ij

Ægeon.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ; 200
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury !
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault : say, woman, did'st thou so ?

Adr. No, my good lord ;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together : So befall my soul, 210
As this is false, he burdens me withal !

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

Ang. O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advised what I say ;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner : 220
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,

Where

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him ;
 And in his company, that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain, 230
 Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which,
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey ; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats : he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By the way we met my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates ;
 Along with them 239
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man : this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
 And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home 250
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;
 'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord : and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck. 261

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven ! 270
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :—
You say, he din'd at home ; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying :—Sirrah, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Por-
cupine.

Cour. He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange :—Go call the abbess
hither ;

I think

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Ageon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply, I see a friend, will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ageon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio? 290

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, sir,
But lie, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ageon. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ageon. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ageon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw
me last; 300

And careful hours, with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ageon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ageon. I am sure, thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, sir?

But I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ageon.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!
311

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
320
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
330
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLIS Syracusan, and
DROMIO Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.

[*All gather to see him.*

Adr.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these : Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ? 338

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

S. Dro. O, my old master ! who hath bound him
here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty :——
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons ?
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia ! 349

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance,——
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,——
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia ;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ; 360
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum :

What

What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

S. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

370

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say, nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother:—What I told you then,

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;

380

If this be not a dream, I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me,

Ang. I think, I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

S. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:

390

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :— 400

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's Error

Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,

And ye shall have full satisfaction.——

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel

Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour,

My heavy burden not delivered :——

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;

410

After so long grief such nativity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent the two ANTIPHOLIS's and two DROMIO's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-
board ?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-
bark'd ?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

S. Ant.

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E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-
bark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio :
Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLIS, *S.* and *E.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ? 420
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my
brother :

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

S. Dro. Not, I, sir ; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question :

How shall we try it ?

S. Dro. We will draw

Cuts for the senior : till then lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus :

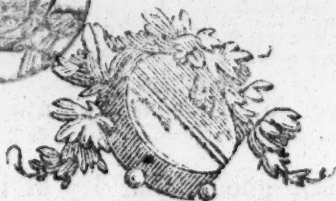
430

We came into the world, like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another.

[*Exeunt.*



THE END.



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430

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fore

unt.



Act 5.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

Scene I.



Rambert del.

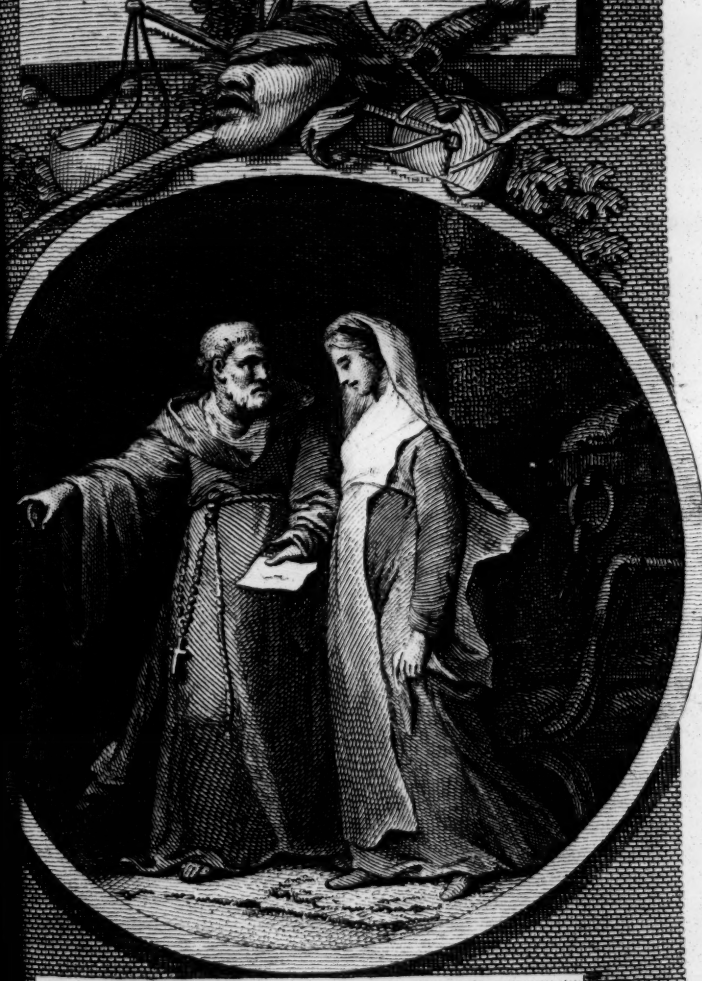
Scribner sculp.

M^{rs} SIDDONS in ISABELLA.

Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a Maid

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Mar. 8, 1806.

L. H. 2. V. P. E. R. E.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

*— trust not my holy order
If I pervert your Courses —*

Act 4.

Scene 3.

W. H. W. del.

L. J. sculp.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N^o 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Mar 8. 1806.



Measure for Measure.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed complete from the Text of

SAM. JOHNSON AND GEO. STEEVENS,

AND REVISED FROM THE LAST EDITIONS.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

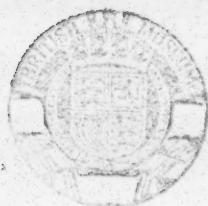
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN CAWTHORN,

5, Catherine-Street, Strand,

BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.

1819.



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Vincentio, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*

Lucio, *a Fantastick.*

Two other like Gentlemen.

Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*

Peter,

A Justice.

Elbow, *a simple Constable.*

Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

Abhorson, *an Executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

WOMEN.

Isabella, *Sister to Claudio.*

Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*

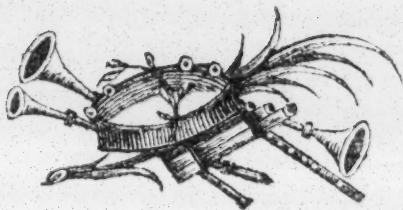
Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Mistress Over-done, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene, Vienna.





MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace. Enter Duke, ESCALUS, and Lords.

Duke.

ESCALUS,——

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more re-
mains,

But that your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms

10
For

For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
 As art and practice hath enriched any
 That we remember: There is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp.—

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, drest him with our love:

And given his deputation all the organs 20

Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life
 That, to the observer, doth thy history 30
 Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
 touch'd,

But to fine issues: nor nature never lends

The



The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines 40
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise :
Hold therefore, Angelo :
In our remove, be thou at full ourself :
Mortality and mercy and Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart : Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord, 50
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you : therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune, 60
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord.
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own ;
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
I'll

I'll privily away: I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement :
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
 That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness ! 79

Duke. I thank you : Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place :

A power I have ; but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me :—Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The street. Enter LUCIO, and two gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes, come
 not to composition with the king of Hungary,
 why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's.

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd. 100

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre? 110

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list. 119

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee; I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with
7 E most

most painful feeling of thy speech: I will out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not? 130

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more. 140

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all. 150

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested;

rested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days, his head is to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so; art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child. 160

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you? 172

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No ; but there's a woman with maid by him : You have not heard of the proclamation, have you ? 181

Bawd. What proclamation, man ?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city ?

Clown. They shall stand for seed : they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down ?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth ? What shall become of me ? 192

Clown. Come ; fear not you ; good counsellors lack no clients : though you change your place ; you need not change your trade ; I'll be your tapster still. Courage : there will be pity taken on you : you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster ? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison ! and there's madam Juliet. 202

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Enter Proxost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers ;
LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to
the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven ;—on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio ? whence comes
this restraint ? 212

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, li-
berty ;

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil ; and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an ar-
rest, I would send for certain of my creditors :
And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the
foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprison-
ment.—What's thy offence, Claudio ? 223

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend
again.

Lucio. What is it ? murder ?

Claud.

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after? 332

Claud. Thus stands it with me—Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet. 243

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke——
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse, whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, let's it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place, 252
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me :—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is : and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him. 264

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service ;
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation :
Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;
I have great hope in that : for in her youth 272
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous
art

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may : as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition ; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio. 282

Lucio. Within two hours——

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A monastery. Enter Duke and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom : why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than
you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ; 293
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this? .302

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws

(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers
Having

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead; 313
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo. 320

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,

And yet, my nature never in the sight
To do it slander : And to behold his sway, 330
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A nunnery. Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough ? 343

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votaries of saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

Isab. Who's that which calls ?

Nun. It is a man's voice : Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may, I may not ; yon are yet unsworn :
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men, 352

But in the presence of the prioress :
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face ;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Enter

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 362

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what!

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks: 370
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my
familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted:
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking
me. 380

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
'tis thus:

Your

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
 As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison; so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,

By vain though apt affection.

390

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
 In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority, 400
 Governs lord Angelo: A man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He (to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it; 410
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example: all hope is gone,

Unless

Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo : and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censur'd him

Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me 420
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt——

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them. 430

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :
Commend me to my brother : soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ANGELO'S house. Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a
Justice, Provost, and Attendants.

Angelo.

We must not make a scare-crow of the law ;
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death : Alas ! this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Let but your honour know, (whom I believe
To be most strait in virtue) 10

That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, 20
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try : What's open made to
justice,

That

That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend, 30
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it, as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Prov.*

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive
us all! 40

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none:
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law:
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and
what's the matter?

Elb.

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well, what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have. 59

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clown. He cannot, sir; he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; a parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too. 70

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman;——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here,—thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To ANGELO.]

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes. 98

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As, I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for as you know, master Froth, I cou'd not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd,

member'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed. 112

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come me to what was done to her. 122

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; Whose father dy'd at Hallòwmas:—Was it not at Hallòwmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hollond eve. 130

Clown. Why, very well: I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; 141

Hoping,

Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good-morrow to your lordship. [Exit ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife?

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me. 150

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no. 160

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respectable house; next, this is a respectable fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman. 170

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected

pected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or iniquity——Is this true? 179

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:——Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff? 190

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue——.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

[To FROTH.]

200

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last. 208

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell.—Come you hither to me, master Tapster; what's your name, master Tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

222

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster; Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

232

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

238

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

249

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

260

Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit.
Escal.

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir. 270

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven of the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir? 280

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.
What's a clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; 290

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

ANGELO'S house. *Enter Provost and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cause ; he will come straight : I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure ; may be, he will relent : Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream ! All sects, all ages, smack of this vice ; and he To die for it !——

300

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost ?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio should die to-morrow ?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea ? hadst thou not order ?

Why dost thou ask again ?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash : Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine : Do you your office, or give up your place, 310 And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.— What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitting place ; and that with speed.

Re-enter

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister;

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood, 321
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour!

Ang. Stay yet a while.—[*To ISAB.*] You are
welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me. 330

Ang. Well, what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother. 340

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:

Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law !

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour.

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so : to him
again, entreat him ;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown :
You are too cold : if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it ;
To him I say.

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ? 359

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him.

Ang. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To ISABELLA.*

Isab. Too late? why no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. 372

If he had been as you, and you as he,

You

You would have slept, like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner. 380

Lucio. [*Aside*] Ay, touch him : there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas ! Alas !

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy : How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ! Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made. 391

Ang. Be you content, fair maid :

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ;—he must die to-mor-
row.

Isab. To-morrow ! Oh, that's sudden ! Spare
him, spare him ;

He's not prepar'd for death ! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season ; shall we serve hea-
ven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink
you ; 400

Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept :

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed : now, 'tis awake ;
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
(Either now, or, by remissness new-conceiv'd, 410
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew jus-
tice ;

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content. 420

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this
sentence ;

And he that suffers : Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but
thunder. —

Merciful heaven ! 430
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st

Split't the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man, proud man,
(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal. 439

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench: he will relent,

He's coming; I perceiv't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o'that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o'the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To ISAB.*
Fare

Fare you well.

460

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me :—Come again to morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with the fond sheckles of the tested gold,

Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy value them : but with true prayers,
That should be up at heaven, and enter there 470
Ere sun-rise ; prayers from preserv'd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to ; 'tis well ; [*Aside to ISAB.*] away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow 480
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour !

[*Exeunt LUC. and ISAB.*

Ang. From thee ; even from thy virtue !—
What's this ? what's this ? Is this her fault or mine ?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most ? Ha !
Not

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying, by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be, 490
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love
her,

That I desire to hear her speak again, 500
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints does bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.
[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

A prison. Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar.

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth, 520
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay awhile, [*To JULIET.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke

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Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience, 531

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offensive act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his. 540

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven;

Shewing, we would not spare heaven, as we love
it,

But as we stand in fear,——

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;

And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow, 550

And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace go with you? *benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious
love,

That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror?

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

ANGELO's house. *Enter ANGELO.*

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty
words;

Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabella: Heaven is in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name; 561

And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh
form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there ?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heavens !
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness ?

580

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive : and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid ?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much
better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
live.

Isab. Even so ?—Heaven keep your honour !

[*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile ; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I : Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence ?

Ang. Yea.

Isab.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his re-
prieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not. 599

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as
good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's
image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not on
earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quick-
ly. 609

Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd
sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can
speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this——
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might

Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal prize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, 630
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are igno-
rant;

Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright, 640

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So!

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life, 650
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasure of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself :
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your poor brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him, 670
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so ?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a
tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean : 681

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are as soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well :

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be
bold—

I do arrest your words ; be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none ;
If you be one (as you are well express'd 701
By all external warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one ; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet ;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is, 711
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seem-
ing!——

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art. 720

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and proluxious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy bro-
ther

By yielding up thy body to my will; 731
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell
this,
Who would believe me? O, perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or reproof! 741
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To

To follow, as it draws ! I'll to my brother :
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution. 750
 Then, Isabel, live chaste—and, brother, die :
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The prison. Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke.

So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo ?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death or
 life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
 life,——

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but fools would keep : a breath thou
 art,

Servile to all the skiey influences

That

That do this habitation, where thou keep'st, 10
Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still : Thou art not
noble ;

For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness : Thou art by no means
valiant ;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm : Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy-
self ;

For thou exist'st on many thousand grains 20
That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
And what thou hast, forget'st : Thou art not cer-
tain :

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon ; if thou art rich, thou art poor ;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee : Friend hast thou none ;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner : Thou hast nor youth,
nor age ;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even. 41

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves
a welcome,

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Clau-
dio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's
your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be
conceal'd,

Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are: most good in-
deed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed:
'To-morrow you set on. 60

Claud.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance? 70

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain, 80
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness; if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. 91

Isab. There spake my brother! there my fa-
ther's grave

Did utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
 As faulcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil ;
 His filth within being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell. 100

Claud. The princely Angelo ?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
 The damned'st body to invest and cover
 In princely guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio,
 If I would yield him my virginity,
 Thou might'st be freed ?

Claud. Oh, heavens ! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank
 offence.

So to offend him still : This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name, 110
 Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-mor-
 row.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
 That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
 When he would force it ? sure it is no sin ; 120
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least ?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
 Why

Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot; 130

This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendant world; or to be worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts

Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life, 143

That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far,

That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh, you beast!

Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch! 150

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest, to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!

For

For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance :
 Die ! perish ! might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee. 160

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie !

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade :
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :
 'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will ? 169

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this
 to

to be true ! therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit CLAUD. Re-enter Provost.*]

Duke. Hold you there ; Farewell. Provost, a word with you. 191

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone : Leave me a while with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good : the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness : but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo : How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo ! if ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government. 212

Duke. That shall not be much amiss : yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation ;

tion; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. 231

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 242

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole,

whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father. 257

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point! only refer yourself to this advantage—first that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience; this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the double-
ness

ness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof.
What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ;
and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous
perfection. 281

Duke. It lies much in your holding up : Haste
you speedily to Angelo ; if for this night he entreat
you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction.
I will presently to St. Luke's ; there, at the moat-
ed grange resides this dejected Mariana : at that
place call upon me ; and dispatch with Angelo,
that it may be quickly. 288

Isab. I thank you for this comfort : Fare you
well, good father. [Exit severally.]

SCENE II.

*The street. Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown,
and Officers.*

Elbow. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but
that you will needs buy and sell men and women
like beasts, we shall have all the world drink
brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heavens ! what stuff is here ?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two
usuries, the merriest was put down, and the wors-
er allow'd by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him
warm ; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to
signify,

signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 301

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, 311
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From such a filthy vice: say, to thyself—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—— 320

Duke. Nay, if the devil has given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

Free

Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry bail; here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine. 331

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? is it sad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub. 349

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd. 358

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment

ment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right : Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too ; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey : Commend me to the prison, Pompey : You will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar. 371

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey ! nor now.—What news abroad, friar ? what news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Lucio. Go—to kennel, Pompey—go.

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke ? 380

Duke. I know none ; can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where : But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to't. 390

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well ally'd : but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation. Is it true, think you ? 402

Duke. How should he be made then ?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him : — Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes : — But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice ; that I know to be true : and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir ; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man ? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this ? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand : he had some feeling of the sport ; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women ; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd. 420

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who ? not the duke ? yes, your beggar of fifty ; —

fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotches in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing. 430

Duke. What, I pry'thee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either is this envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know. 440

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I
am

am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio ; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you. 460

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope the duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite : But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this : Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no ?

Duke. Why should he die, sir ? 469

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke we talk of, were return'd again : this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd ; he would never bring them to light : Would he were return'd ! marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar ; I pr'ythee pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it ; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick : say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes : What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?

But who comes here ?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison. 489

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour is accounted a merciful man : good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind ? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me : mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time ; he promised her marriage ; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob ; I have kept it myself ; and see, how he goes about to abuse me. 503

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence :—let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison : Go to ; no more words.

[Exeunt with the Bawd.]

Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered ; Claudio must die to-morrow : let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him. 511

Pro. So please you, this friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you !

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke.

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance
is now

To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, lately come from the see,
In special business from his holiness. 520

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure
it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dan-
gerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is
virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There
is scarce truth enough alive to make societies se-
cure; but security enough, to make fellowships
accurs'd: Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom
of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is
every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what dispo-
sition was the duke? 531

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, con-
tended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at any thing which profess'd to make
him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But
leave we him to his events, with a prayer they
may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know,
how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to un-
derstand, that you have lent him visitation. 541

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister
measure from his judge, but most willingly hum-
bles himself to the determination of justice: yet
had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his
frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I,
by

by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer to the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner : Fare you well. [Exit. 560]

Duke. Peace be with you !
He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking !
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow ! 570
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !
How may that likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply :
With Angelo to-night shall lye

His

His old betrothed, but despis'd ;
 So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting.
 And perform an old contracting.

530

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange. Enter MARIANA, and boy singing.

S O N G.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
 seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
 away ;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice 10
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish,
 You had not found me here so musical :

Let me excuse me, and believe me so——

My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good : though musick oft hath such
a charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
here to day ? much upon this time, have I promis'd
here to meet. 20

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have
sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you :
The time is come, even now. I shall crave your
forbearance a little ; may be, I will call upon you
anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way ?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't :
With whispering and most guilty diligence, 40

In

In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

59

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the
hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Excunt MAR. and ISAB.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report

Run,

Run, with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How
agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it. 71

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.
[*Exeunt.* 80

SCENE II.

Changes to the prison. Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a
man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, sir, I can:
but

but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd. 97

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him; he cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd. 110

Abhor. A bawd, sir! fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have

have a hanging look), do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 131

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 139

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*]

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnar-
dine

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless
labour 150

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Exit CLAUD.*] But,
hark, what noise ? [*Knock within.*]

Heaven give your spirits comfort ! — By and
by ; —

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio. — Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholsomest spirits of the
night

Envelop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of
late ?

Prov. None since the curfew rung. 160

Duke. Not Isabel ?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd

Even

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;
 He doth with holy abstinence subdue
 That in himself, which he spurs on his power
 To qualify in others : were he meal'd
 With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.

[*Knock. Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle provost. Seldom, when
 The steel'd gaoler is the friend of men.—

How now ? what noise ? that spirit's possess'd
 with haste,

That wounds the unresisting postern with these
 strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer
 Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio
 yet, 180

But he must die to morrow ?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
 You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know ; yet, I believe there comes
 No countermand ; no such example have we :
 Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
 Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
 Profess'd the contrary. 190

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me, this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, *[Aside.]*

For which the pardoner himself is in : 200
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority :
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : Lord Angelo, be-like, (thinking me remiss in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on : methinks, strangely ; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and in the afternoon, Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd ; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon? 220

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched? 232

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence he would not: drunk many times a-day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: If I
read

read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me :
but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay
myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have
a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the
law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him : To
make you understand this in a manifested effect, I
crave but four days respite ; for the which you
are to do me both a present and a dangerous cour-
tesy. 254

Prov. Pray, sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack ! how may I do it ? having the
hour limited ; and an express command, under pe-
nalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ?
I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in
the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you,
if my instructions may be your guide. Let this
Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head
borne to Angelo. 264

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will
discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser : and you
may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard :
and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so
barbed before his death : you know the course is
common. If any thing fall to you upon this,
more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint
whom I profess, I will plead against it with my
life. 273

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my
oath.

Duke

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

289

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.* 304

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash: he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money; marry then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach'd-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lucky the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forth-right the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake. 314

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

H 3

Abhor.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you? 330

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle. 341

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you.

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day. 352

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain. 361

Duke. Oh, sir, you must; and, therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh, gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block. 370

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head,
Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd; 380
And

And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
'To save him from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done—Put them
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to
Angelo. [Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo— 400
The provost, he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and a well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel!—She's come to
know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the
world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close pa-
tience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot :

Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.

Mark, what I say ; which you shall find

By every syllable, a faithful verity :

The Duke comes home to-morrow :—nay, dry your eyes ;

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance : already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo ; 440

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace
your wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go ;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give ;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return :

Say, by this token I desire his company 450

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and
yours,

I'll perfect him withal ; and he shall bring you

Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!

460

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thy eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. 470

[*Exit ISABELLA.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your report; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have marry'd me to the rotten me dlar.

Duke.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest;
Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the
lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very
little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall
stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the palace. Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd
other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner.
His actions shew much like to madness; pray hea-
ven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him
at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour
before his entering, that, if any crave redress of
injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the
street? 501

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a
dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from de-
vices hereafter, which shall then have no power to
stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house;
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,

As

As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir ; fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night——

This deed unshapes me quite, make me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid !
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
'The law against it !—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me ? Yet reason dares her?
no ;

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch, 519
But it confounds the breather. He should have
liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had
liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not.
Exit.

SCENE V.

*Changes to the fields without the town. Enter Duke in
his own habit, and Friar Peter.*

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to your special drift ; 530
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made
good haste :
Come, we will walk : There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. 540
[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth ;
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I'm advis'd to do it ;
He says, to vail full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,

I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter——

550

Isab. Oh, peace ; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand more
fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you : Twice have the trumpets
sounded ;

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering ; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A public place near the city. Enter Duke, VARRIUS,
Lords ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, and Citizens,
at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:——
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal
grace !

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you ; and we hear

Such

Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud ; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion : Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand ;—
And good supporters are you.

[*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter PETER and ISABELLA.

Peter. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke ! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : In what ? by whom ?
be brief :

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice ;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :

30

Hear

Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, oh, hear me,
here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
speak :

That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ? 41

That Angelo's a murtherer ; is't not strange ?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violater ;

Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange :

Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning. 50

Duke. Away with her :—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness : make not im-
possible

That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo, 60

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious duke, 70
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality : but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid :
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would
you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother : One Lucio
Was then the messenger ;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace :
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;
Pray you, take note of it ; and when you have

A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to
it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed. 101

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff-deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again; the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter: 111
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st; 121

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice: First, his integrity

Stand,

Stands without blemish :—next, it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself ; if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off : Some one hath set you
on ;

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou can'st here to complain ?

Isab. And is this all ?

131

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience ; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance !—Heaven shield your grace from
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go !

Duke. I know you'd fain begone :—An officer—
To prison with her :—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither ? 141

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike : who knows that
Lodowick ?

Lucio. My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling,
friar ;

I do not like the man : had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me ? this' a good friar be-
like !

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against

Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar

I saw them at the prison : a sawcy friar, 152
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace !

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd : First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute ;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less. 160

Know you that friar Lodowick, which he speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy :
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously ; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever : upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither, 172
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented. First, for this woman :
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

181

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—

O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo:

In this I will be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded.*]

Enter MARIANA, veil'd.

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

190

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:—

Neither maid, widow nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

201

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd; And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She that accuses him of fornication, 211

In self same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To *MARI.*

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my
body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy
face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[Unceiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person. 231

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;

And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her : which was broke off,

Partly, for that her promis'd proportions

Came short of composition ; but, in chief,

For that her reputation was disvalu'd 241

In levity : since which time, of five years,

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden house,

He knew me as a wife : As this is true, 251

Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;

Or else for ever be confix'd here,

A marble monument !

Ang. I did but smile 'till now :

Now, my good lord, give me the scope of justice ;

My patience here is touch'd : I do perceive

These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on : let me have way, my lord,

To find this practice out. 261

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—

Thou foolish friar ; and thou pernicious woman,

Compact

Compact with her that's gone ! think'st thou thy
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation ? You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—

There is another friar, that set them on ; 271
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he,
indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—

And you my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best, 280
In any chastisement ; I for a while
Will leave you ; stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [*Exit.*]

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew, that friar Lodo-
wick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in
nothing, but in his cloaths ; and one that hath
spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him. We shall
find this friar a notable fellow. 292

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again :

I would speak with her : Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess : perchance, publickly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost. ISABELLA is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her. 302

Lucio. That's the way ; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress : here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of ; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time :—speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

311

Escal. Come, sir ; did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo ? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How ! know you where you are ?

Duke. Respect to your great place ! and let the devil

Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne :—Where is the duke ? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us ; and we will hear you speak :

Look

Look, you speak justly.

320

Duke. Boldly, at least :—But, oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ?
Good-night to your redress : Is the duke gone ?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal ; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man ; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain ?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice ?—Take him hence ;
To the rack with him—We'll touze you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose :—What ? unjust ?

Duke. Be not so hot ; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own : his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial : my business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, 342
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew : laws for all faults ;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state ? Away with him to
prison.

Ang.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio!

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man bald-pate: Do you know me? 351

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? 360

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while. 375

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir: foh, sir; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded,

hooded, must you ? show your knave's visage, with
a pox to you ! show your sheep-biting face, and be
hang'd an hour ! wilt not off ?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st
a duke.—— 382

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three :—
Sneak not away, sir, [*To Lucio.*] for the friar and
you

Must have a word anon :—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon ; sit you
down.—— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him :—Sir, by your leave.

[*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office ? if thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out. 392

Ang. O my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes : Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana :— 402

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her in-
stantly.——

Do

Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,
Return him here again :—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and *Provost*.]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel :

Your friar is now your prince : As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business, 412
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart :
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, 423
Than let him be so lost : Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose : But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,
So, happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and *Provost*.

Isab. I do my lord,

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching
here,

Whose

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd 443
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him
For Mariana's sake : But as he adjudg'd your brother

(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity ; and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life),
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death. 451

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested ;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage :

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste :——

Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband !

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, 452
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come : for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari.

Mari. Gentle, my liege—— [*Kneeling.* 462

Duke. You do but lose your labour ;——
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, to you.

[*To Lucio.*

Mari. Oh, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take
my part ;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her :
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, 472

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad ; so may my husband.
O, Isabel, will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think, 482
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me : since it is so,
Let him not die : my brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

492

Duke.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable : stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord : it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, my noble lord : 503

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd, 513
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure ;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy !
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIETTA.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

521

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults I quit them all;
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head:
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

532

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake

[*To* ISAB.]

Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself;

541

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:—

You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[*To* LUCIO.]

One all of luxury, an ass, a mad-man;

Wherein

Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may,
but I had rather it would please you, I might be
whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city:
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow 552
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! your highness said even now, I
made you a duke; good, my lord, do not recom-
pense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive: and therewithal 562
Remit thy other forfeits—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing
to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness:

There's more behind, that is more grate.—
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good :
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is your's is mine :
So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.



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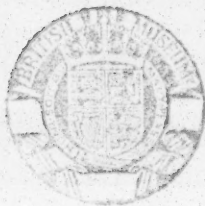
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ine :

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eunt.

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The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good :
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is your's is mine :
So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

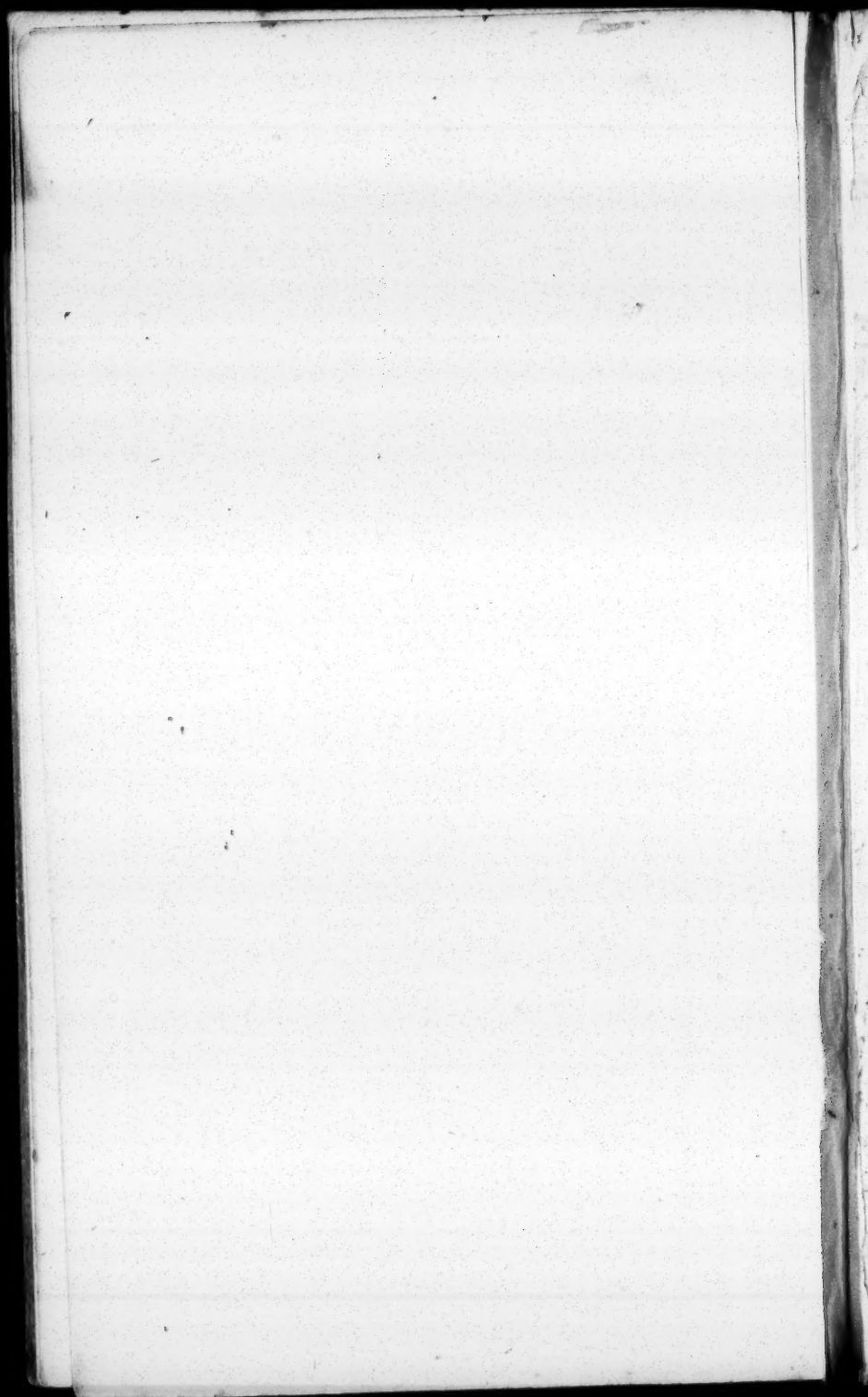


W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

V.

ine :

now.
eunt.



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